

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY

FEBRUARY
No. 16

COMICS

BLACKHAWK
VS
THE FOX

10¢





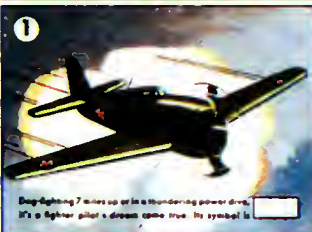
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



1



Dog-fighting 7 miles up or in a thundering power dive, it's a fighter pilot's dream come true. Its symbol is

2



Big, tough and strong, it's the Army's pride. Its symbol is

3



Under the waves at Subic Bay, they're the fastest torpedoes before attack. Their symbol is

4



"Eye of the Navy," they patrol vast ocean stretches, guard our shores, chase the enemy's fleet. Their symbol is

5



The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

MILITARY EQUIPMENT. February, 1942, No. 16. Published monthly by Comic Magazine, Inc., 6 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Century Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. John Boardman, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 20 cents for mailing, total \$1.40. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1907. The contents and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 320 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. R. M. Murphy, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 55 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1942 by Comic Magazine, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.

ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

BLACKHAWK



HAUPT...THE FOX! THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE AXIS ARMIES! BRILLIANT AND BESTIAL! CRUEL AND CUNNING! HATED BY THE WORLD... FEARED BY HIS OWN FUEHRER!! AGAINST THIS MAN THE ALLIED ARMIES ARE HELPLESS! THEIR BEST GENERALS ADMIT DEFEAT! OVER THE BURNING SANDS OF LIBYA, HAUPT DRIVES THE ALLIES BACK TO INEVITABLE DOOM... VICTORIOUS, HIS ARMIES PRESS ON... ON OVER THE BONES OF VANQUISHED ENEMIES! ONLY THE BLACKHAWKS CAN STOP HIM! THEY ALONE CAN ROLL BACK THE TIDE THAT THREATENS TO ENGULF THE WHOLE EASTERN WORLD! BUT THEY MUST PAY THE HEAVIEST PRICE OF THEIR GLORIOUS CAREERS... THEY MUST DIE... SO THAT A FREE WORLD MAY SURVIVE!... AND THE BLACKHAWKS CHOOSE TO DIE!!!

IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL HANS HAUPT, COMMANDER OF GERMANY'S EASTERN ARMIES...

BUT THE FUEHRER HAS ORDERED US NOT TO ATTACK!

HERE IN DER DESERT THERE IS NO FUEHRER BUT ME! WE ATTACK AT DAWN!



THE FUEHRER WILL BE ANGRY!...HE WILL SHOOT US!

DUMKOPF! I WILL SHOOT YOU MYSELF IF YOU DO NOT OBEY MY ORDERS!!



JA, HERR GENERAL, IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY!

THAT IS BETTER! I PROMISE YOU... WE SHALL DESTROY THE VERDAMMTE BRITISH IN A WEEK!



ALONE...HAUPT MAKES A STARTLING PROPHECY!!

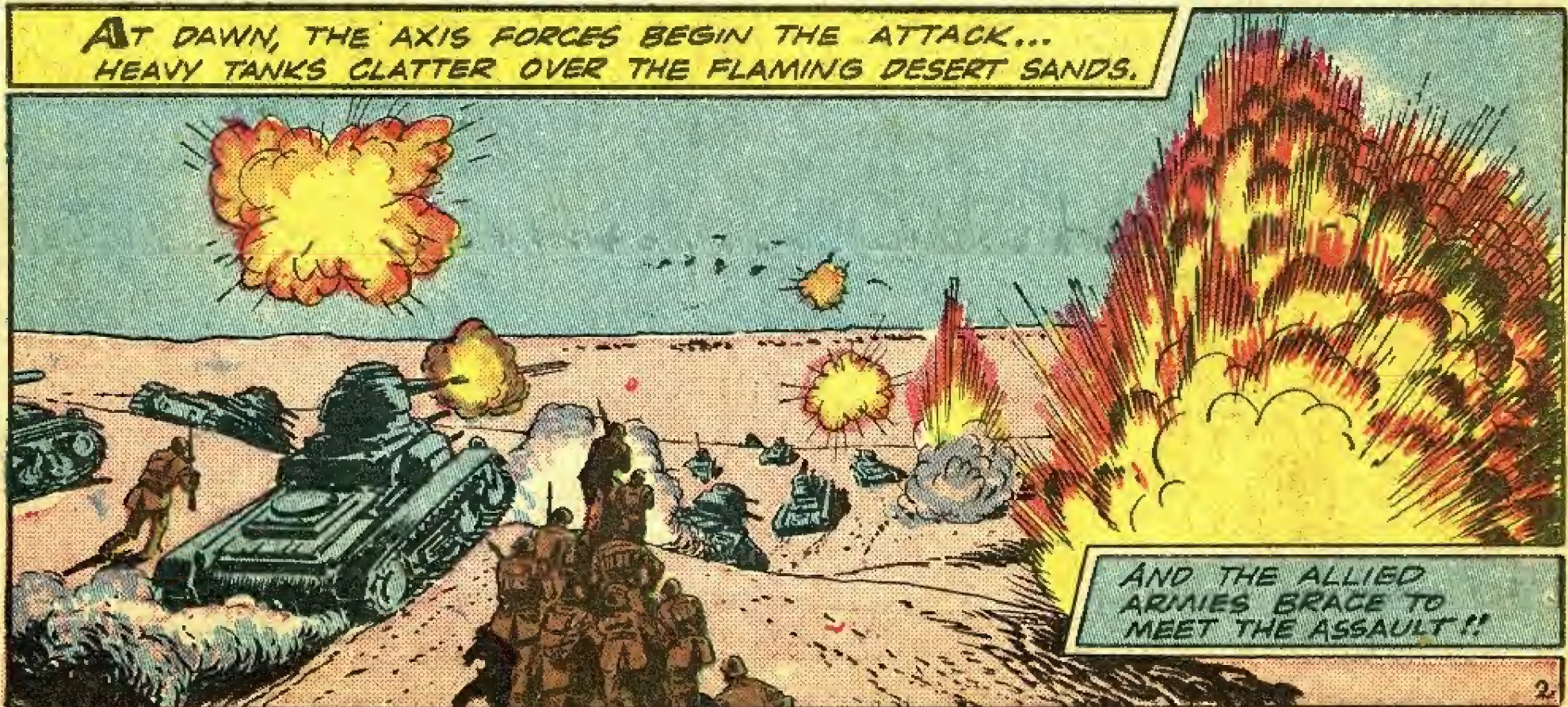
ALL THE DESERT SHALL BE MINE...MINE!... AND THE FUEHRER...THAT FOOL WITH HIS MEDALS AND HIS MOUSTACHE! HE SHALL NOT STAND IN MY WAY!



SOON I WILL BE SOLE MASTER OF EUROPE! THAT IS MY DESTINY! I, HANS HAUPT, SHALL BE THE NEW FUEHRER!



AT DAWN, THE AXIS FORCES BEGIN THE ATTACK... HEAVY TANKS CLATTER OVER THE FLAMING DESERT SANDS.



AND THE ALLIED ARMIES BRACE TO MEET THE ASSAULT!!

TOWARD LATE AFTERNOON, A LONE SOLDIER STAGGERS WEARILY TOWARD ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...



FIFTY TANKS...THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH OUR LINES NEAR THE DALWHI OASIS!

GREAT HEAVENS! HAUPT OUT-FLANKED US!

OUR MEN WILL BE CUT TO RIBBONS!



WE MUST SEND PLANES AT ONCE...

THERE AREN'T ANY PLANES! WE SENT THEM OUT TO MEET HAUPT'S ATTACK ON THE NORTH!

THEN THE DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTORS SOUND CLEAR AND SHARP AGAINST THE DESERT SKY..

YOU HEAR THAT!

BY JOVE! I'D KNOW THAT SOUND ANYWHERE!



WE'RE LOST! NO ONE CAN SAVE US NOW!



OVER LAND..
OVER SEA..
WE FIGHT TO
MAKE MEN
FREE!!

IT'S THE BLACKHAWKS!



IT IS THE BLACKHAWKS... FAR FAMED ADVENTURERS... THE BLACK KNIGHTS OF THE AIR HAVE FLOWN TO JOIN THE FIGHTING...

STAND BY! SOMEONE'S SIGNALING US!



DO YOU THINK THEY UNDERSTOOD?

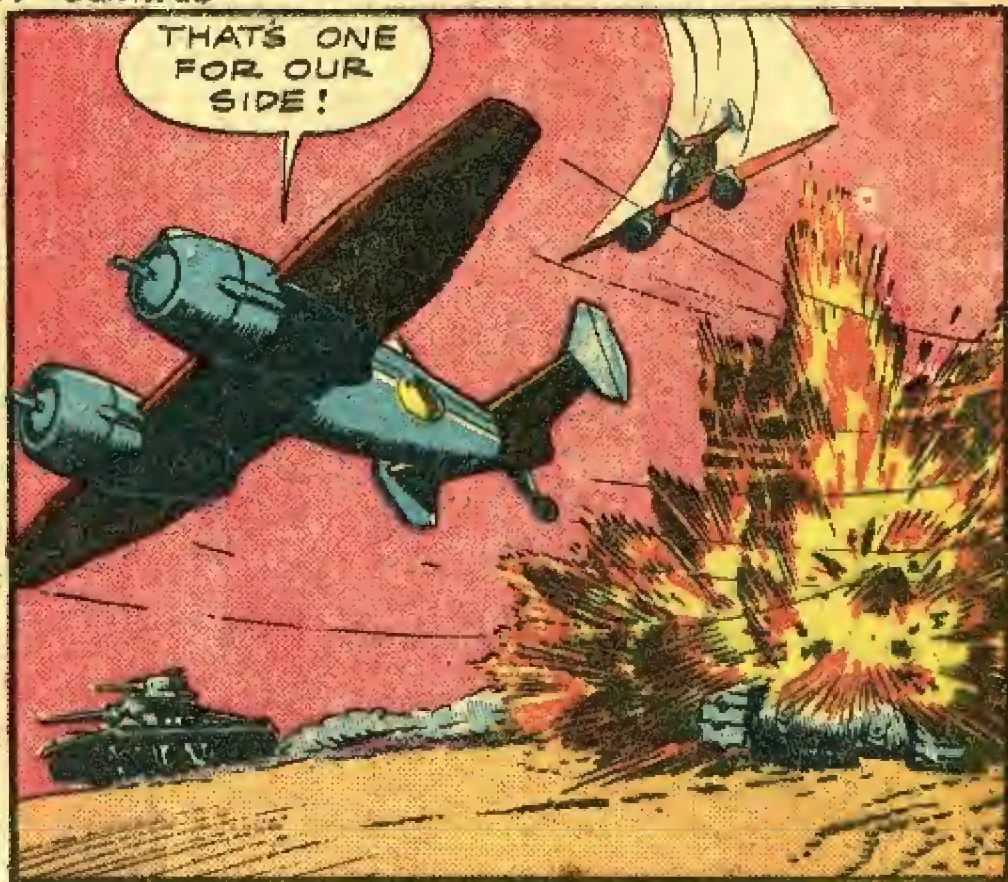
THEY GOT THE MESSAGE!.. THERE THEY GO, TOWARD THE DALWHI OASIS!



SOON THE FAR FLUNG BATTLE LINE APPEARS BENEATH THE BLACKHAWKS... AND THE TIDE OF BATTLE IS EBBING FOR THE VALIANT ALLIED TROOPS...



YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! THOSE ARE NAZI TANKS BREAKING UP OUR LINES! **HAWKAA!**

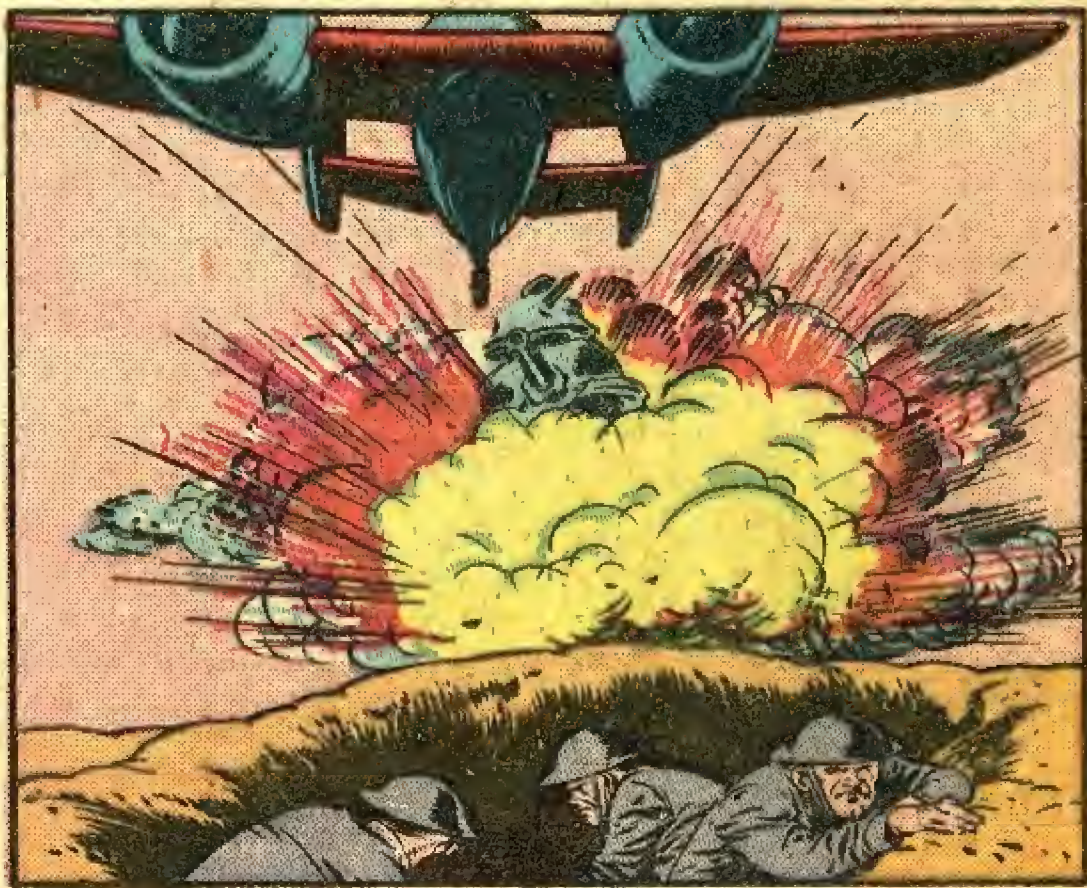


THAT'S ONE FOR OUR SIDE!



BLIMEY! THESE RIFLES AIN'T NO BETTER THAN PEA SHOOTERS!

'E'S GOING TO RUN US DOWN!



I'LL BE A BLINKIN' BOB TAILED CAT!

IT'S DESTROYED! BUT 'OW!

IT WASN'T SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.. YOU MAY BE SURE OF THAT!

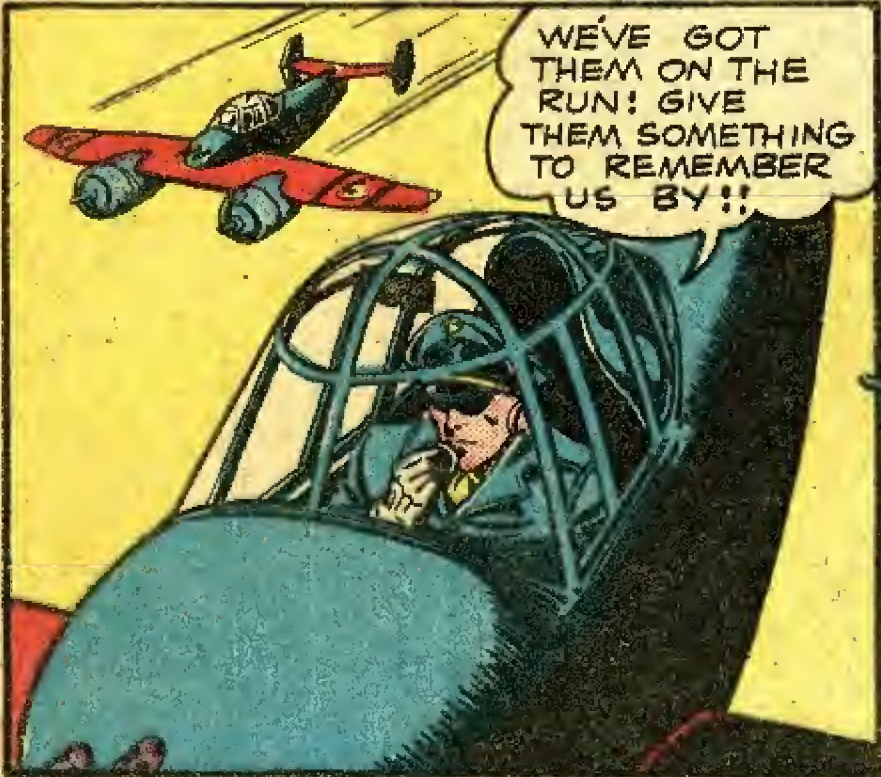


THAT'S THE ANSWER... IT'S THE **BLACKHAWKS!**

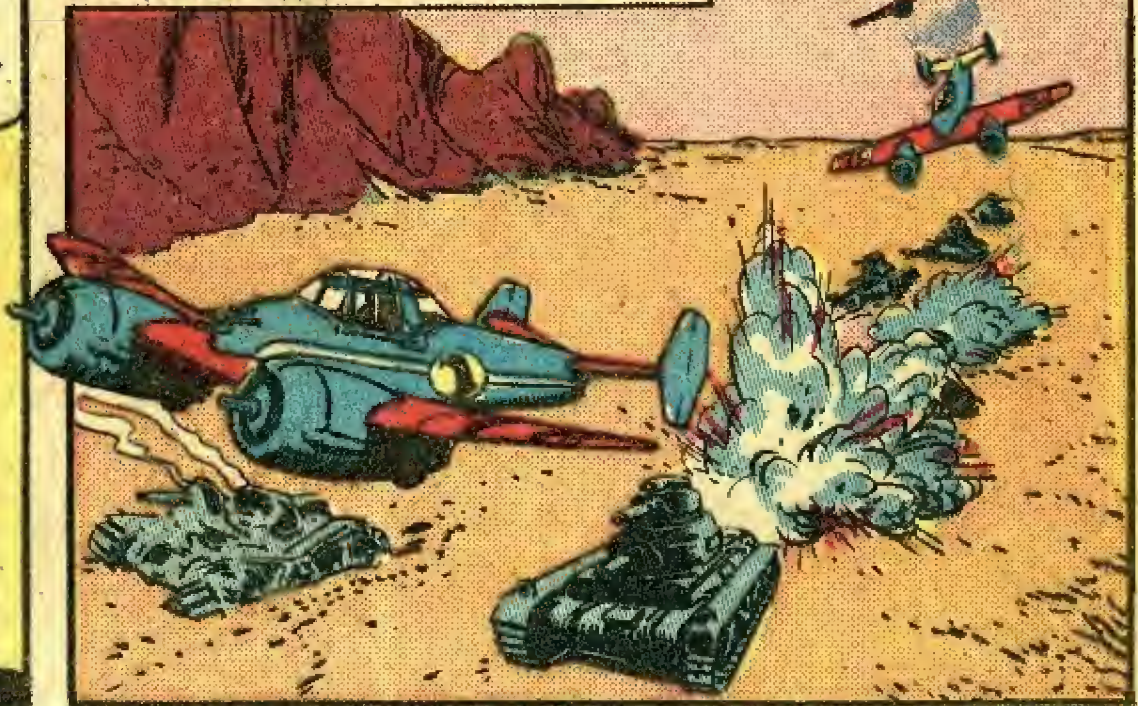
BLESS THEIR LITTLE HEARTS! WE'VE GOT A CHANCE NOW!

HEARTENED, THE BRAVE DEFENDERS
COUNTER-ATTACK!

WE'VE GOT
THEM ON THE
RUN! GIVE
THEM SOMETHING
TO REMEMBER
US BY!!



THE BLACKHAWKS EMPTY
THEIR BOMB RACKS...AND
THE NAZI RETREAT TURNS
INTO A ROUT!!



THANKS, BLACKHAWKS!
MAYBE WE CAN DO
THE SAME FOR YOU
SOMETIME!



AT GENERAL HAUPT'S
HEADQUARTERS...

DER TEUFEL!
MY STUPID
OFFICERS
DID NOT
CARRY OUT
MY PLANS!

OUR ATTACK
HAS BEEN
BROKEN AT
THE DALWHI
OASIS! OUR
MEN ARE
IN FULL
RETREAT!



WE MUST STRIKE
AGAIN... AT ONCE!
THIS TIME I WILL
PERSONALLY SUPERVISE
THE ATTACK!!

JA HERR
GENERAL,
JA!



I WILL TEACH THOSE
BRITISH A LESSON IN TACTICS.
WE SHALL ATTACK WHERE
THEY EXPECT IT LEAST...
IN THE CENTER OF THEIR
LINES! PERHAPS EVEN
CAPTURE THEIR
HEADQUARTERS!

THAT WOULD
MEAN VICTORY,
HERR
GENERAL!



LATER, THE CONQUERING
BLACKHAWKS RETURN TO
ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...

THESE GREY-
BEARDS WILL
BE SURPRISED
WHEN THEY
FIND OUT HOW
WE'VE TWISTED
GENERAL HAUPT'S
TAIL!

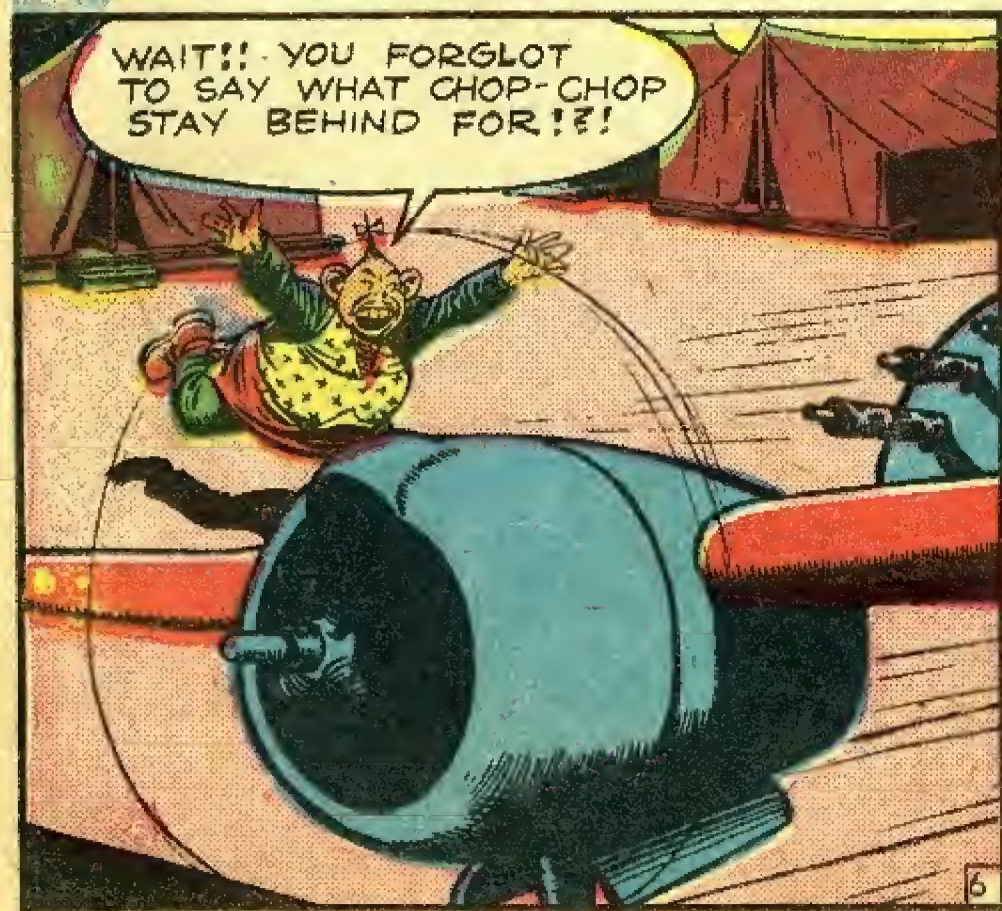
BY GAR!
WE DO
PRETTY
GOOD
JOB!



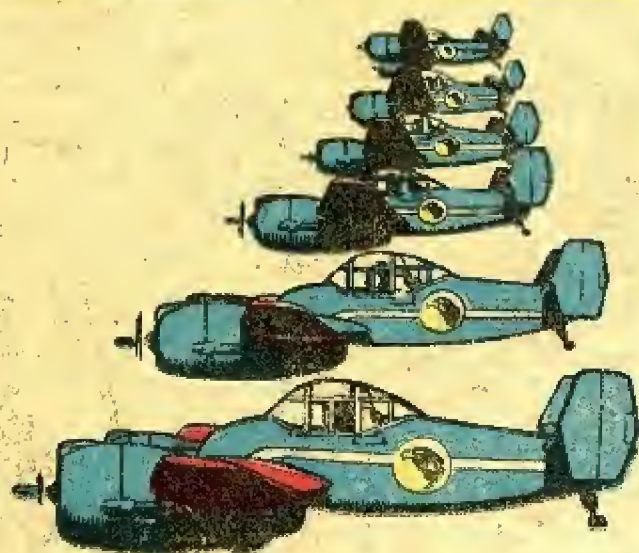
SILENCE GREET'S THE
BLACKHAWKS...AND DEATH!

HAUPT GOT HERE
AHEAD OF US!

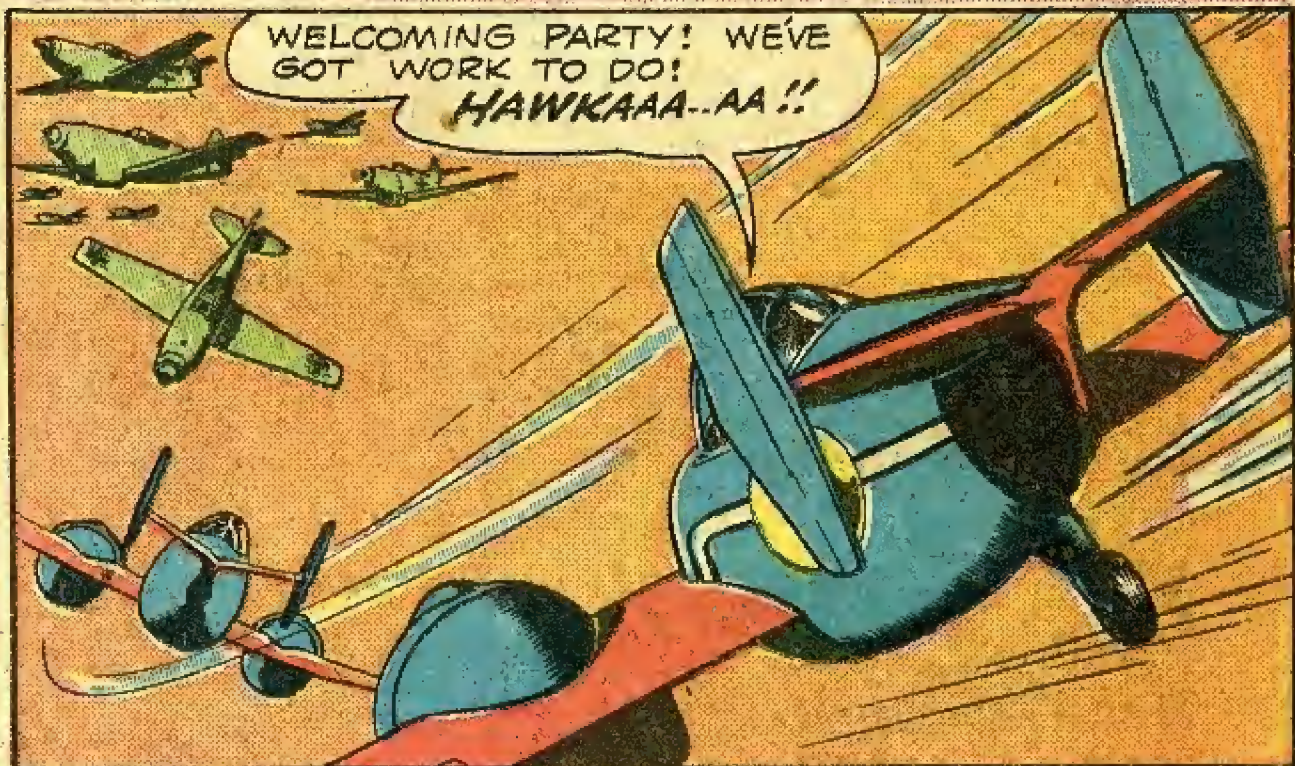




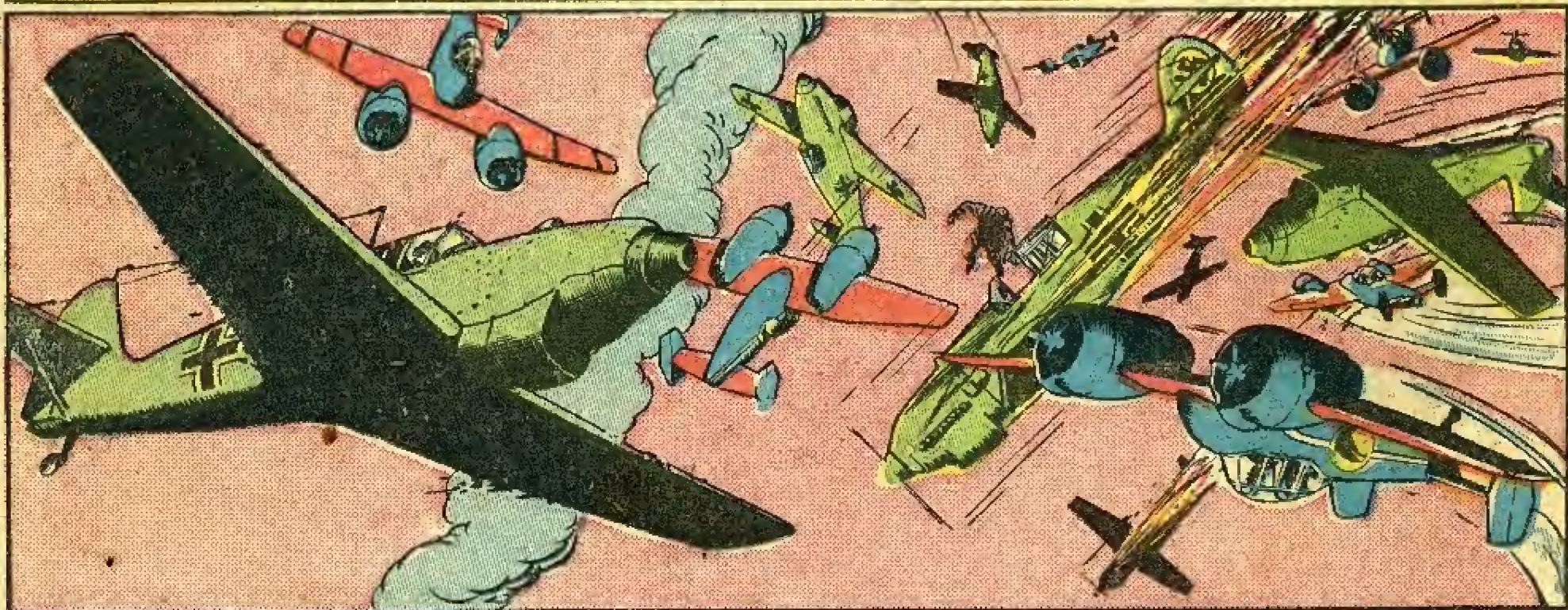
THE BLACKHAWKS FLY TO MEET THEIR DESTINY... FOR EACH MAN OF THEM KNOWS THAT THIS IS A MISSION FROM WHICH THERE CAN BE NO RETURN.



INTO THE HEART OF AXIS-HELD TERRITORY THEY WING THEIR WAY...



HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED... THE BLACKHAWKS GIVE BATTLE... AND SOON THE SKY IS FILLED WITH SCREAMING, TWISTING PLANES!



GOOD GRAVY! AN ENEMY PLANE ON MY TAIL!!

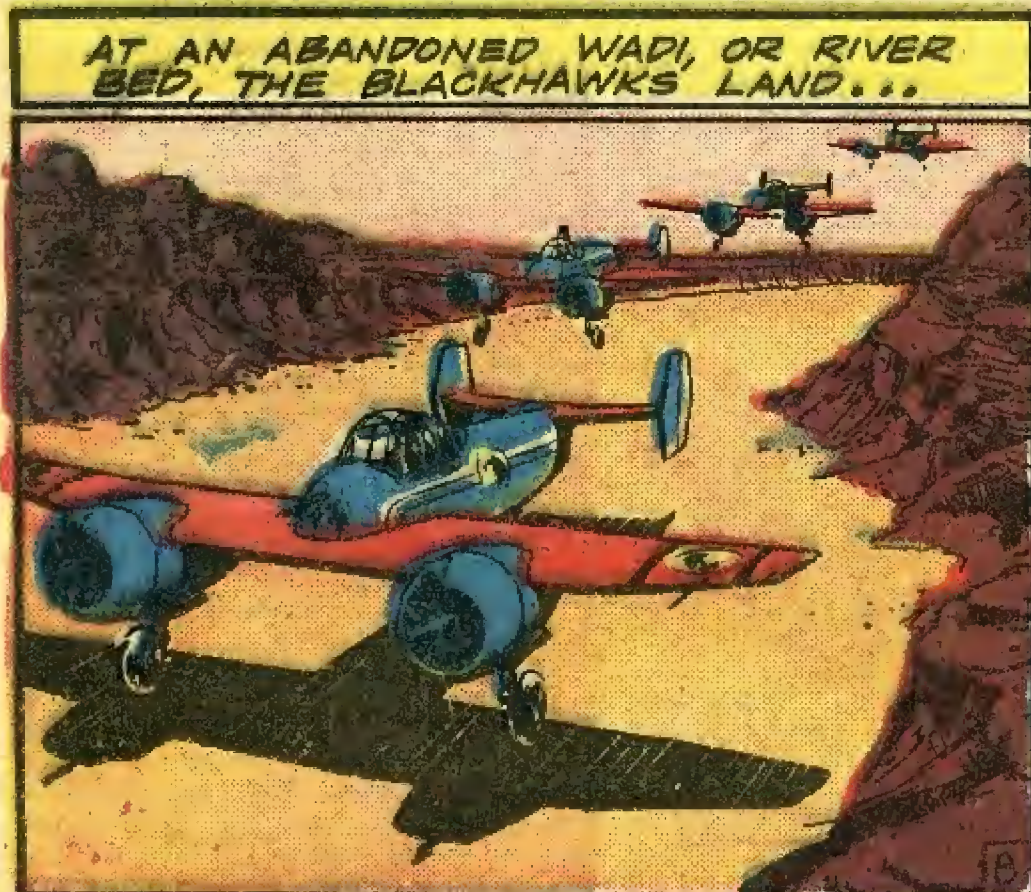
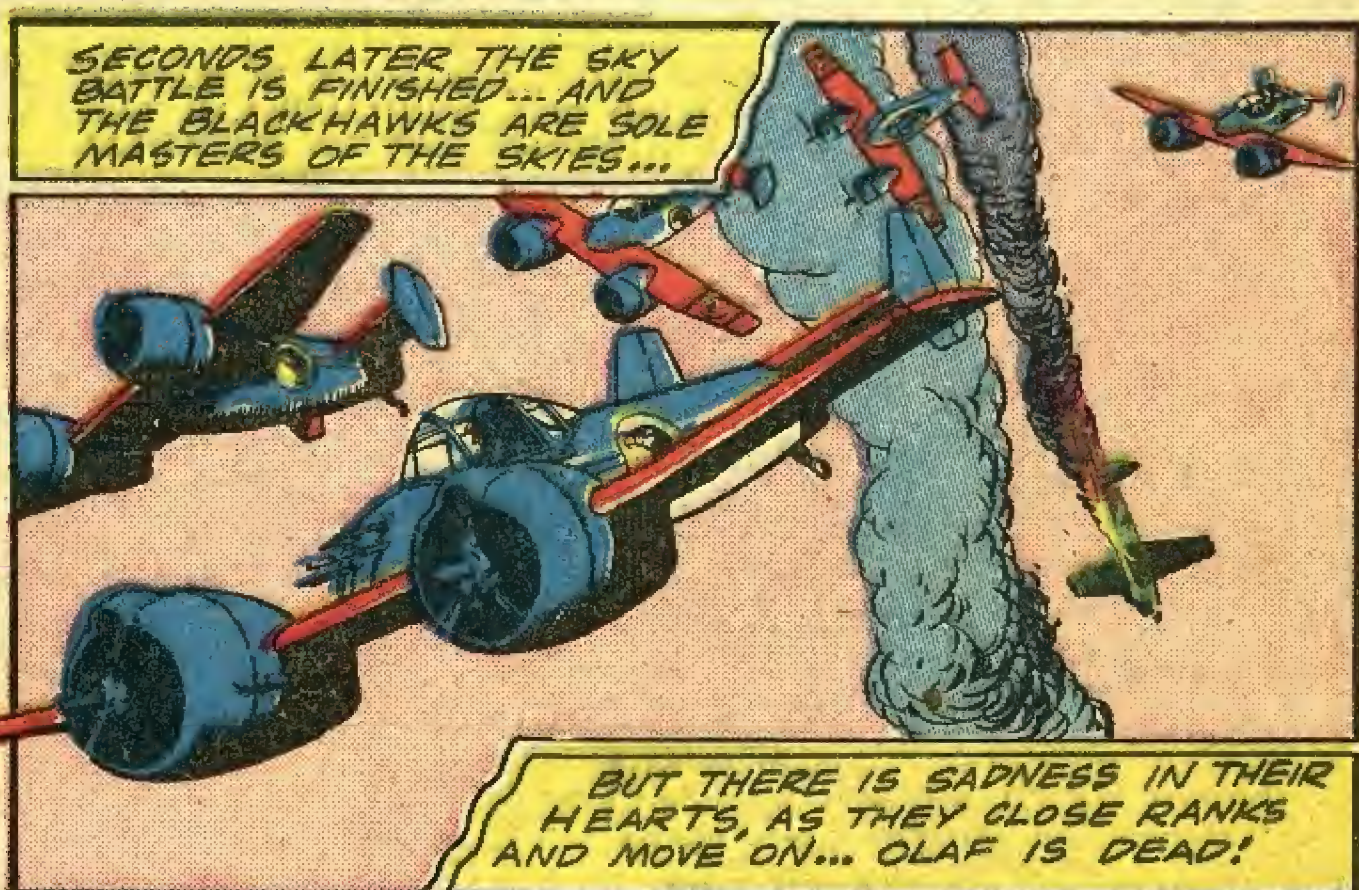
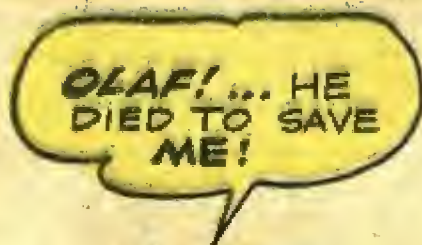


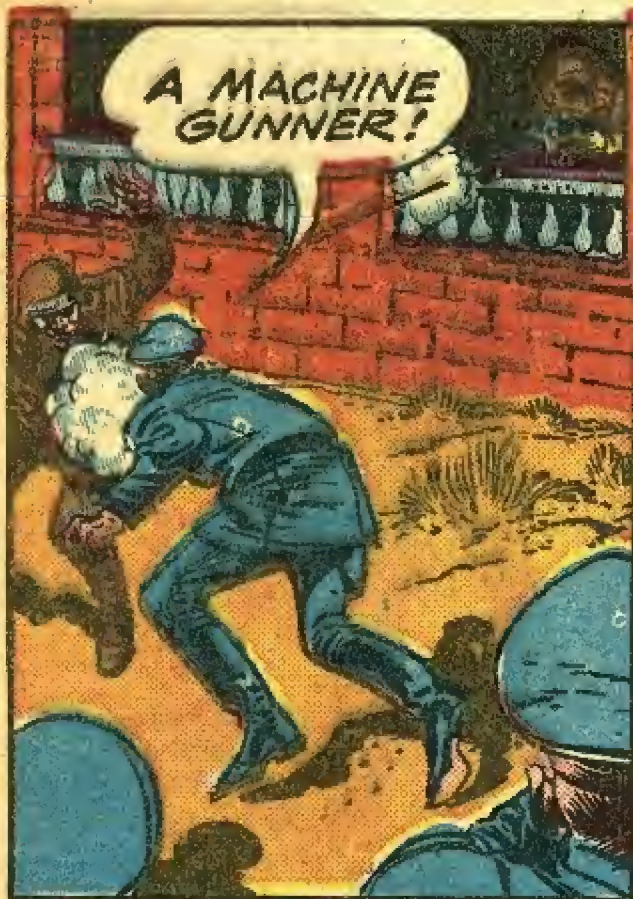
DESPERATELY, BLACKHAWK TRIES TO ELUDE HIS PURSUER... BUT THE ENEMY ACE HOLDS ON... AND HIS BLAZING GUNS BRING DEATH CLOSER AND CLOSER...



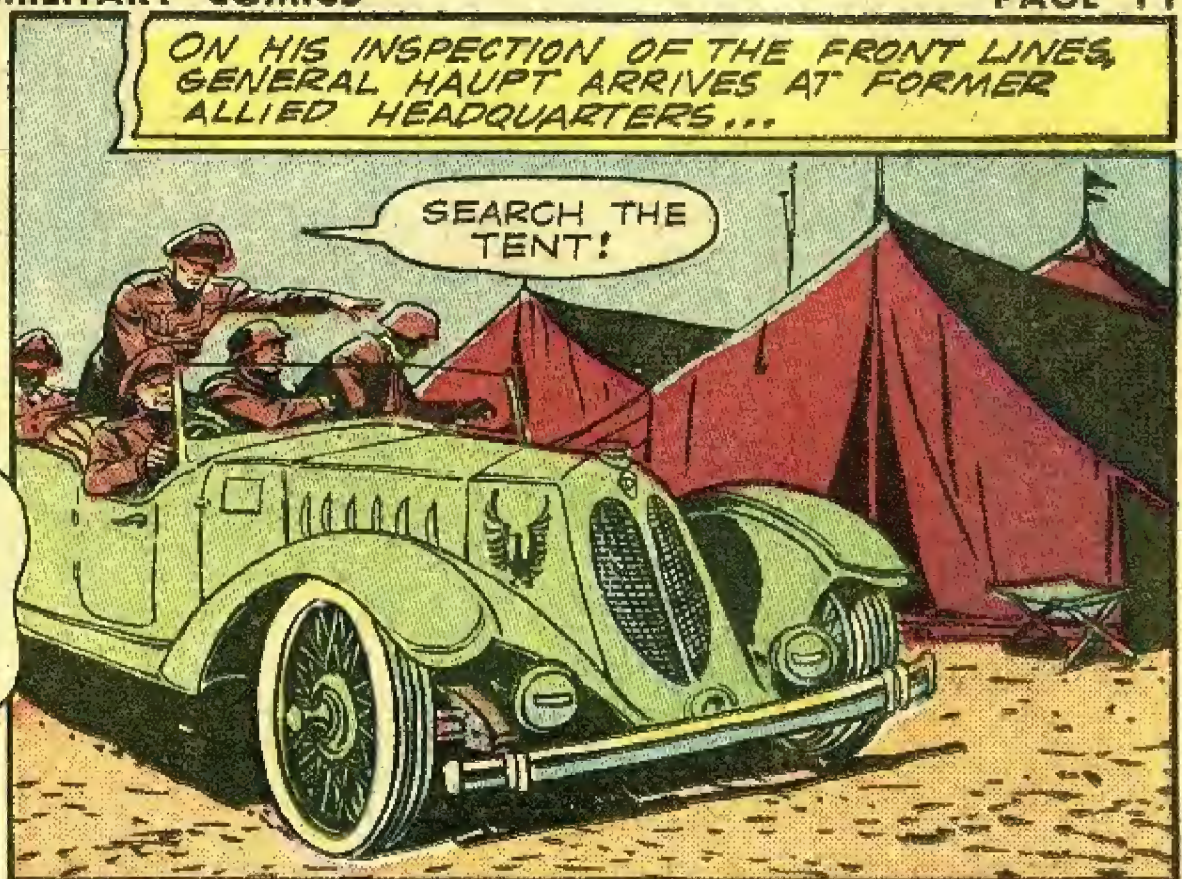
YUMPIN' YIMINY!... BLACKHAWKS IN TROUBLE!!











BLACKHAWK GLET
EVEN FOR
CHOP-CHOP!!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT, A BLACKHAWK
WATCHES THE SCENE... AND DOES
NOT MOVE... WHO CAN HE BE?



IT IS OLAF... THE MAN
BELIEVED DEAD IN
THE PLANE CRASH...

I CAN'T
AFFORD
TO MISS!



MY ONLY REGRET
IS BUT ONE CHOP-
CHOP TO GIVE TO
COUNTLY!



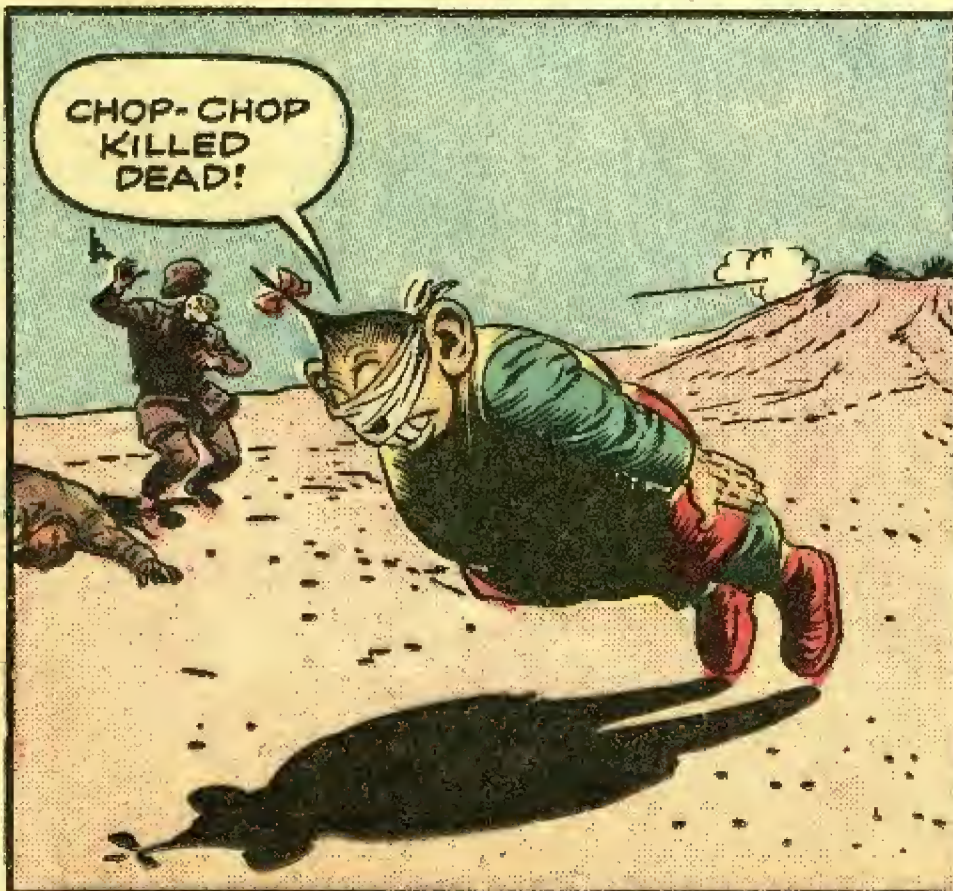
FIRE!

CRACK!

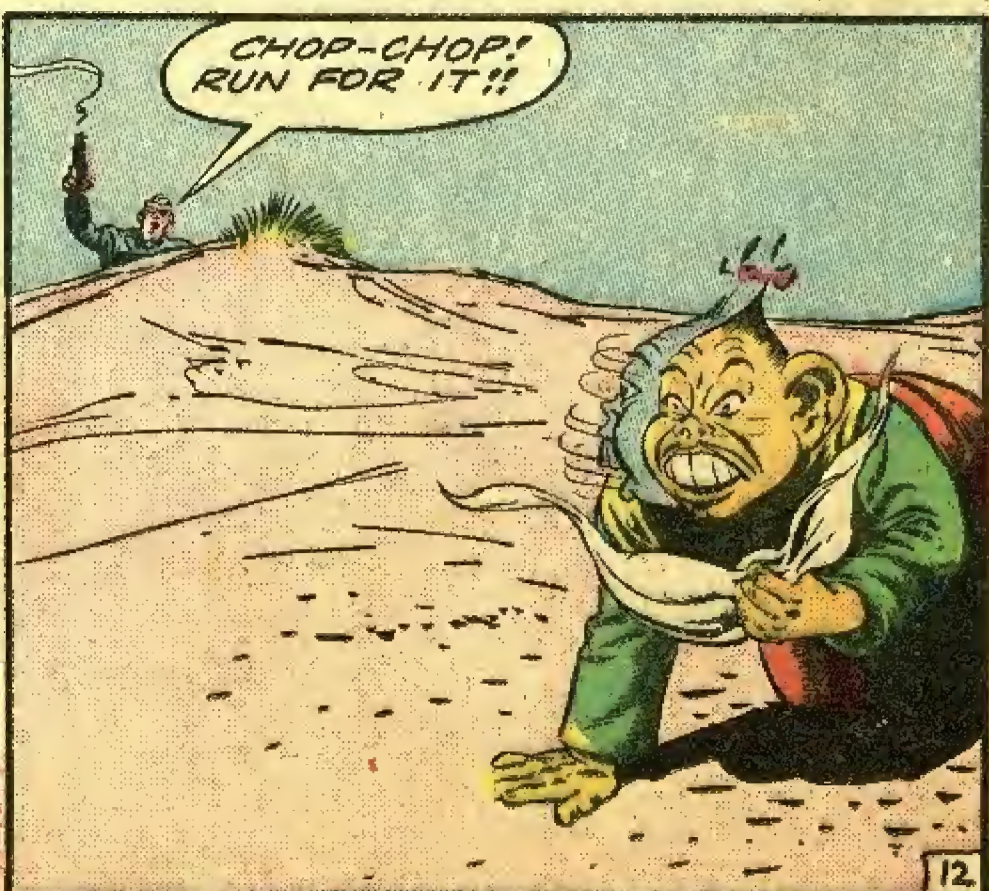
A SHOT!!



CHOP-CHOP
KILLED
DEAD!



CHOP-CHOP!
RUN FOR IT!!







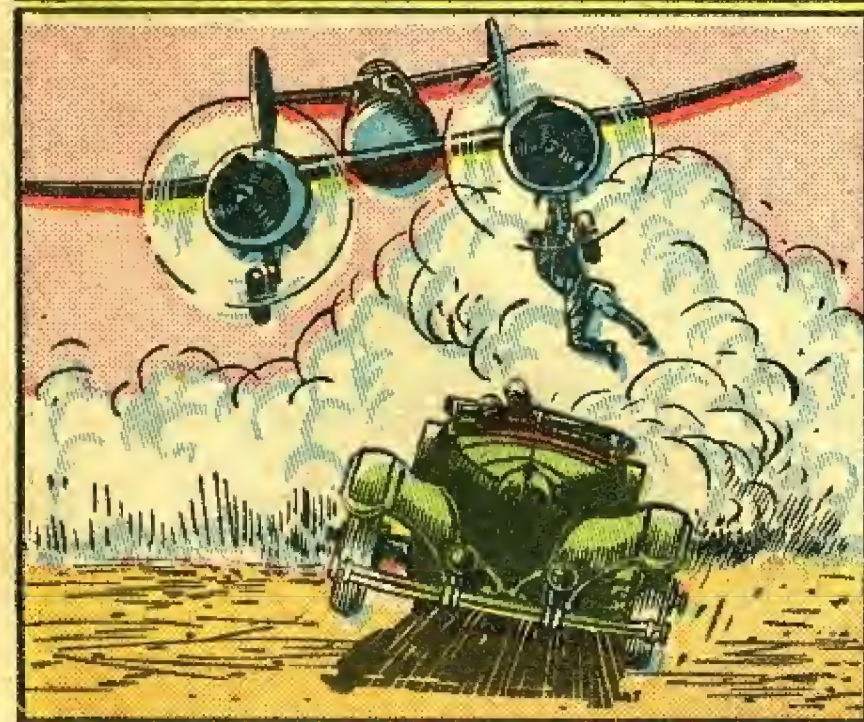
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT
RAT-A-TAT



AGAINST THE
SHRIEKING,
BUFFETING
WIND
BLACKHAWK
FIGHTS TO
OPEN THE
DOOR...



DANGLING FROM THE UNDERCARRIAGE
OF THE LURCHING PLANE, BLACKHAWK
WAITS UNTIL HE IS OVER THE
STAFF CAR!!





JOHNNY DOUGHBOY



THE SNIPER

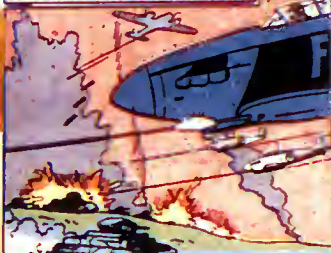
STALEMATE!

LIKE A DANGEROUS GAME OF CHESS, TWO GREAT ARMIES ARE HELD IN CHECK BETWEEN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA AND THE QUATTARA DEPRESSION WITH THE WHOLE OF EGYPT AND THE MIDDLE EAST AT STAKE!!

SOMEWHERE ON THE EGYPTIAN FRONT...



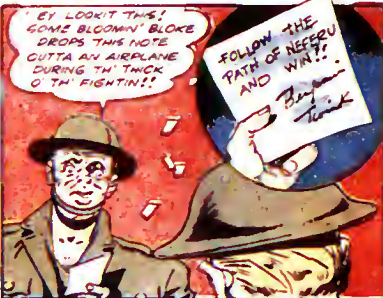
SPITFIRE FIGHTERS AND AMERICAN DIVE BOMBERS ROAR INTO ACTION TO MAKE IT HOT FOR THE ONRUSHING NAZI AFRIKA KORPS !!



AND AGAIN THE BLOODY ADVANCE GRINDS TO A HALT WHEN THEN IS HURLED BACK...



BUT THE ALLIED DRIVE IS LIKEWISE SMASHED AS IT RUNS INTO BRISTLING GERMAN GUNS...

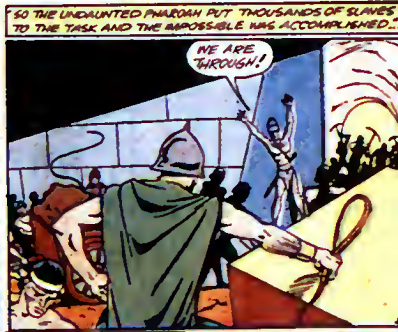
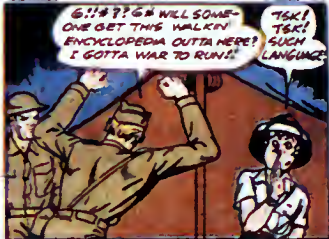


ACH! LOOK, HANS, A MESSAGE PLUMMETED FROM DOT PLANE! - FOLLOW DER PATH UF NEFRU UND VIN!! MAYBE DIS NEFRU HAG GOT SOMEDING DOT ECKEL HASNT!!



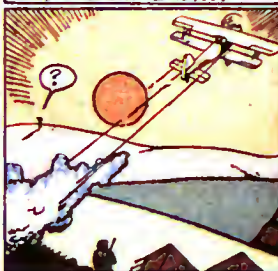
THEN A STRANGE MAN WALKS INTO THE COMBAT AREA...







AS THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE MAN DE-
PARTS A FIGURE APPEARS.....



THE SNIPER!



LATER-

WHAT? DO YOU
MEAN THAT CRAZY
GUY WAS TELLING
THE TRUTH? THERE
IS ACTUALLY
A TUNNEL?!

IT'S FANTASTIC,
BUT IT'S TRUE! AND
I'VE TRAILED HIM
FROM THE LOUVRE
IN PARIS TO AFRICA
-AND NOW MY HUNT
IS ONLY BEGINNING!

SINCE YOU TURNED HIM DOWN HE'S
PROBABLY GOING TO TELL THE NAZIS
ABOUT HIS DISCOVERY.. AND THEY
MAY BELIEVE HIM !! I'VE GOT TO
GET THROUGH THE LINES AND TRY
TO STOP HIM !!!

UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS THE SNIPER
MANEUVERS A TANK THROUGH THE MINE-
FIELDS AND PENETRATES THE ENEMY LINES.

OH! OH! THERE GOES
A FLARE! NOW I'M
A TARGET FOR THEIR
ANTI-TANK GUNS!!

ACHT-
GEBEN!
KRAFT
WAGEN!

BOOM

BOOM

TIME TO
TRAVEL ON
FOOT!

THE NAZI GUNS DRAW SPORADIC GUNFIRE FROM THE ALLIED POSITIONS...



SUDDENLY A SHELL LANDS VERY NEAR AND SEEMS TO SHAKE THE BATTLEFIELD!





MEN CALL ME
EMKET. IT WAS MY
ANCESTORS TOMB THE
WHITE ARCHAEOLOGISTS
DESECRATED TO
LEARN HIS SECRETS!



LISTEN!
SOMEONE
ELSE IS
IN THIS
PASSAGE
WAY!



IT'S THINK!
HE'S GAVE HIS
SECRET TO THE
NAZIS!!

HOW DO VE KNOW
DOT YOU VON'T ALSO
GIVE DER SECRET
TO DER ALLIES UND
TRY TO TRAP US??

W-WHY
I
WOULDN'T
DO THAT
GENERAL
ECKEL!!



W-WHY ARE
YOU LOOKING
AT ME LIKE
THAT?? W-WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO?

NO ONE MUST
REMAIN ALIVE TO
SHARE DIS SECRET
VIT ME, NOT
EVEN YOU!



HE
SHOT
HIM!

THAT'S WHAT HE
GETS FOR DEALING
WITH THE NAZIS
TEMKET!





BUT FATE STEPS IN TO THWART THE SNIPER'S STRATEGY...



LIEUTENANT
HAUPT, WHO
IS HIS GIRL?

WE FOUND HER
OUTSIDE HIS
HOLE, GENERAL
ECKEL!

HA! DEN SHE WAS WITH DER
SNIPER! WE MUST TAKE CARE
OF HER IN THE SAME MANNER
AS DER SNIPER! LT. HAUPT, I PUT
YOU IN CHARGE OF HER
EXECUTION AT ONCE!

JAHNOL,
GENERAL
ECKEL!

NO!

LATER-



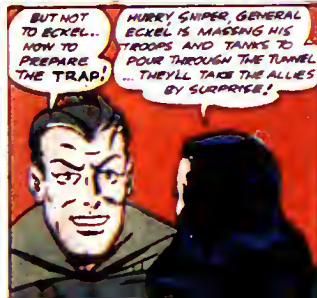
ZOUNDS!
THEY'RE ABOUT
TO EXECUTE
TENKET!!

READY!
AM ...

THE SNIPER'S RIFLE
BOLT WORKS LIKE A
TRIP HAMMER AS HE
POURS LEAD INTO
THE FIRING SQUAD.



THE
SNIPER!
HE'S ALIVE!



BUT NOT
TO ECKEL...
NOW TO
PREPARE
THE TRAP!

HURRY SNIPER, GENERAL
ECKEL IS MASSING HIS
TROOPS AND TANKS TO
POUR THROUGH THE TUNNEL
... THEY'LL TAKE THE ALLIES
BY SURPRISE!



ONE THING MORE- IF YOU
EVER COME TO CARO...
VISIT THE CONTINENTAL
GARDEN AND
I WILL DANCE
FOR YOU!

!

THEN BEGINS A BACE AGAINST TIME.



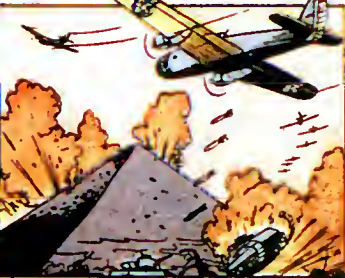
ALREADY A MIGHTY ARMY IS ROLLING THROUGH THE DUSTY CORRIDOR TO AGAIN ATTEMPT TO SHAPE THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD...



BACK AT ALLIED HEADQUARTERS...



LATER IN CAIRO THE SNIPER DRINKS A TOAST TO VICTORY WHILE A BEAUTIFUL DANCING GIRL PERFORMS...



THEN THE VERY EARTH SHAKES AS THE ALLIES BLAST THE ENCIrcLED NAZI ARMY !!



THE BLUE TRACER



THE U-1

HITLER'S GREATEST SUBMARINE HAS BEEN RAVAGING THE SEA LANES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC AND SINKING MANY PRECIOUS ALLIED CARGO SHIPS. IT MUST BE DESTROYED... BUT HOW? THIS MIGHTIEST OF U-BOATS IS FAST ENOUGH TO AVOID THE AVENGING GUNS OF UNITED NATIONS WARSHIPS AND PLANES... TRULY IT IS A JOB FOR THE BLUE TRACER, DRIVEN BY BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES, NOW IN ENGLAND, BUT EVEN THEY CONFER WITH BRITISH INTELLIGENCE TO DECIDE UPON A PLAN OF ATTACK!

BEHIND GUARDED DOORS SOMEWHERE IN LONDON, BILL AND BOOMERANG MEET HIGH OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH INTELLIGENCE!

IF WE CAN CATCH THE U-1 IN THE OPEN SEA WELL ATTACK IT. IT'LL BE EITHER THEM OR US, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN A U-BOAT WE COULDN'T SINK!



BUT TO CATCH THE U-1 IN THE OPEN SEA IS THE PROBLEM. IT IS NOW IN ITS IMPREGNABLE CONCRETE BASE ON THE FRENCH COAST. IF ONE OF YOU CAN LAND THERE AND MEET BARONESS VON KIST—

BARONESS VON KIST? AIN'T SHE ONE OF HITLER'S GIRL FRIENDS?

NOT THIS LADY! SHE'S ONE OF OUR BEST AGENTS.

I'LL GIVE YOU HER ADDRESS AND WE WILL GET WORD TO HER THAT ONE OF YOU IS COMING!



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT
THE BLUE TRACER HEADS
OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

THIS IS IT BOOMERANG! WE'RE
OVER THE BARONESS' CHATEAU!
YOU'LL LAND IN THE SURROUNDING
FOREST. I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU
IN THE CHANNEL TOMORROW. I'LL
DROP YOU THE BARREL!

AND I'LL
HOOK IT
ONTO THE
U-1. SO
LONG, PAL!

IF I'M
CAUGHT I'LL
BE THE
GESTAPO TORTURE
CHAMBER FOR
ME!

OKAY BILL. I DREW
THE LOW CARD - I'LL
JUMP!

-OOF!

THERE'S THE
CASTLE... I'LL SNEAK
ALONG THE
PATH

PSST!

GAAH!

FOLLOW ME, I'M X-6...
BARONESS VON KIST TO OUR
NAZI ENEMIES!

G-GEE!

THE CLEVER LADY AGENT LEADS BOOMERANG
THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGEWAY TO HER
PRIVATE CHAMBER IN THE CASTLE

I GOT RID OF THE REAL BARONESS - I DID
IM JUST TAKING HER PLACE FOR... YA, X-6
THIS JOB... HERE PUT THIS UNIFORM
AND MOUSTACHE ON!



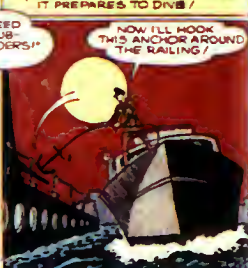
A SHORT WHILE LATER BOOMERANG
DELIVERS THE MESSAGE!

ON THE U-1

AS THE GIANT SUBMARINE GLIDES
BY, ITS DECKS ARE DESERTED AND
IT PREPARES TO DIVE!



ORDERS FROM THE
FELMREZ HIMSELF "PROCEED
INTO THE CHANNEL AND SUB-
MERGE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!"
**ALL HANDS
BELOW!**



THE U-1 SUBMERGES...



THE NEXT DAY FINDS THE U-1
SUBMERGED AS ORDERED, AND
THE BLUE TRACER WINGS DOWN
FROM THE STRATOSPHERE

I'LL SOON KNOW IF THAT'S
BOOMERANG WHEN I DROP
THE BARREL!



WE'LL TIE THIS
END OF THE ANCHOR
ROPE TO THE BARREL!



AND NOW BEAT
IT!



IMMEDIATELY BILL STEERS THE
BLUE TRACER TO THE SPOT MARKED
BY THE BARREL!

NO MATTER WHERE THE U-1
GOES NOW THAT BARREL WILL
FLOAT ON THE SURFACE AND GIVE
AWAY ITS POSITION!



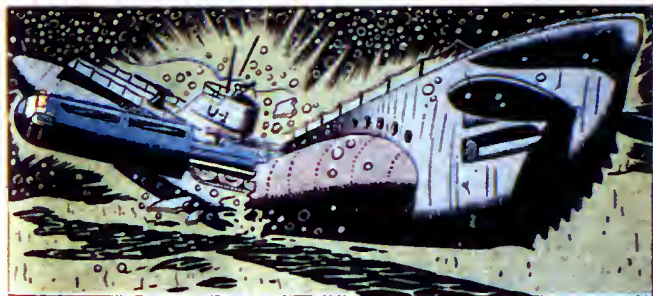
QUICKLY FOLDING THE TELESCOPIC WINGS, BILL DIVES THE BLUE TRACER LIKE A GIANT SHELL INTO THE SEA!

AND FOCUSING HIS UNDERWATER LENSES BILL SHOOTS TOWARD HIS UNSUSPECTING TARGET!

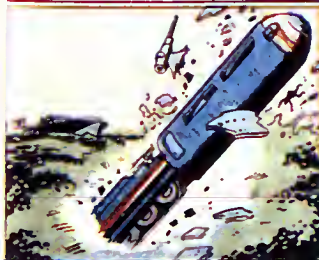
I WISH DER FEHRER WOULD RADIO US FURTHER ORDERS -

WELL THIS IS IT / ONLY ONE OF US WILL EVER SEE THE SURFACE AGAIN!

HIMMEL! ON DER ZOUND DETECTOR ZOME ZINGS ISS COMINK -



BUT THE GLEAMING BLUE TRACER ZOOMS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE STREAM SEA... THE VICTOR!



ZOWIE / BILL SURE GAVE IT TO EM THAT TIME / THE U-1 IS SMASHED INTO A THOUSAND PIECES!

YOU SAID IT / WHAT A WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION THAT BLUE TRACER IS!



TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP

TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION. WHEN THEIR PT BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE

LET 'EM WRANGLE!

DO NOT KILL THEM YET WE WILL AMUSE OURSELVES WITH THE AMERICANS DURING OUR VOYAGE

THIS SUB MUST BE IMPORTANT. IT'S THE ADMIRAL OF THE JAP FLEET HIMSELF

THIS HONORABLE PERSON CAN TAKE OF NO MORE UNPLEASANT PRISON THAN BATTERY ROOM

WHERE WE CAN SLOWLY DIE FROM THE FUMES OF THE BATTERIES

NO USE TOM! THIS DOOR IS SOLID STEEL

YEAH

GAS! WE DIG! WE DIG!

ORDER ALL HANDS TO SURFACE SHIP!

WE CAN'T SURFACE THE CONTROLS WON'T WORK THE BATTERIES ARE DEAD

TOM: THIS GAS IS GOING TO KILL THESE JAPS LIKE RATS IN A TRAP

AND THERE'S FORTY JAPS FOR EVERY ONE OF US

YEAH WE CAN DIE HAPPY KNOWING THIS SUB WILL NEVER SINK AN AMERICAN SHIP AGAIN!

IS THIS AND

Trapped... certain death. Can some miracle... the breath-taking clim... story in the Tom Mix Comics book

EXTRA! EXTRA!

In addition... Commando Comics, this big... every Tom Mix Commando... HURRY! MAIL COUPON TODAY

TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP

TOM MIX COMMANDOS

ADVENTURES OF UNCLE AMOS

JANE AT DREAM CASTLE

SPEED O'DARE - NAVY PILOT

LIT' INJUN

COMMANDO SECRETS

LOOK!

5 BIG COMICS IN FULL COLOR

BRAND NEW NOT FOR SALE ANYWHERE

MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo

Dear Tom

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

IMPORTANT! If you have this coupon you can get the Tom Mix COM COMMANDOS COMICS Book survey. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. Your offer expires January 1, 1943.

You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKER'S FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals both Instant Ralston and Ralston are - and both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamins. Take your choice."

Instant Ralston

Hot Whole Wheat Cereal

NEEDS NO COOKING

U.S. WEARS US

Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal

NEEDS NO COOKING

U.S. WEARS US

MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo

Dear Tom

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

Name _____

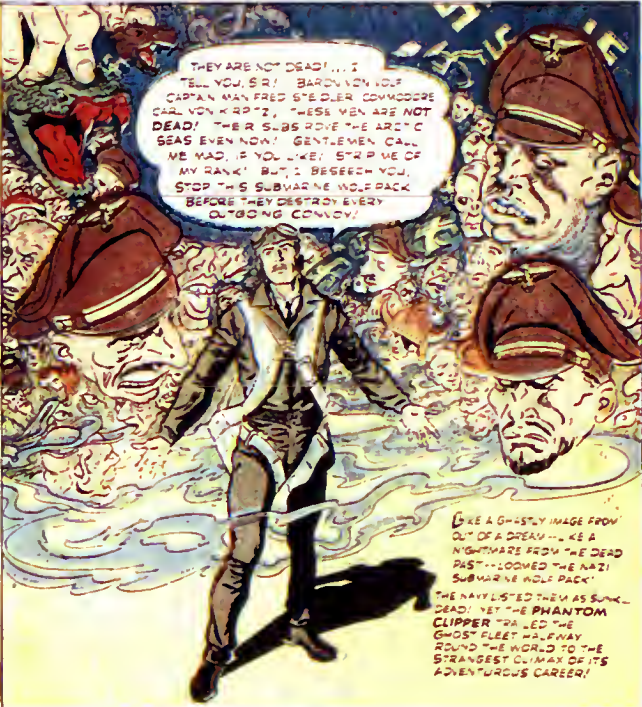
Address _____

City _____ State _____

IMPORTANT! If you have this coupon you can get the Tom Mix COM COMMANDOS COMICS Book survey. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. Your offer expires January 1, 1943.



The PHANTOM CLIPPER



THEY ARE NOT DEAD!... I
TELL YOU, SIR! BARD VON WOLF
CAPTAIN MANFRED STEDLER, COMMODORE
CARL VON KROTZ, THESE MEN ARE NOT
DEAD! THEIR SUBS ROVE THE ARCTIC
SEAS EVEN NOW! GENTLEMEN, CALL
ME MAD, IF YOU LIKE! STRIP ME OF
MY RANK! BUT, I BESECH YOU,
STOP THIS SUBMARINE WOLF PACK
BEFORE THEY DESTROY EVERY
OUTGOING CONVOY!

LIKE A GHOSTLY IMAGE FROM
OUT OF A DREAM... LIKE A
NIGHTMARE FROM THE DEAD
PAST... LOOMED THE NAZI
SUBMARINE WOLF PACK!

THE NAVY LISTED THEM AS SUNK—
DEAD! YET THE PHANTOM
CLIPPER TRAILLED THE
GHOST FLEET HALFWAY
ROUND THE WORLD TO THE
STRANGEST CLIMAX OF ITS
ADVENTUROUS CAREER!

**COURT-MARTIAL
AT
NORFOLK,
VIRGINIA,
NAVAL
BASE...**



Later...

HAD ENOUGH? - SHAY, LISTEN BLOKE! - I CAN DRINK YOU - H-C! - AN THE WHOLE AMERICAN NAVY - H-C! - UNDER THE TABLE...

WHEN YOU SAY AMERICAN NAVY... WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE!

TAKE IT EASY
TIGER! HE'S
ONLY A
DRUNKEN KID!

BRING HIM ON BOARD!
...A FEW DAYS OUT AT
SEA WILL IMPROVE HIS
MANNERS!



*Next
morning*
ABOARD
THE
PHANTOM
CLIPPER...



OWH! MY HEAD!
WHAT HIT
ME?

YOU DRINK MORE
BLACK COFFEE!
IT'LL FIX YOU
UP GOOD!



WHAT'S OUR
ORDERS
SIR?

WE'RE OUT TO CLEAN
UP A NAZI SUBMARINE
PACK! THEY SHOULD
BE SOMEWHERE
ABOUT ACCORDING
TO OUR CHARTS!



CAN'T SEE A THING
THROUGH THIS FOG!
IT'S THICK AS SOUP!
-LISTEN! WHAT'S
THAT?

SHELL FIRE!
-COMING FROM
THE WINDWARD
SIDE, SIR!



FULL SPEED
AHEAD TO
WINDWARD!

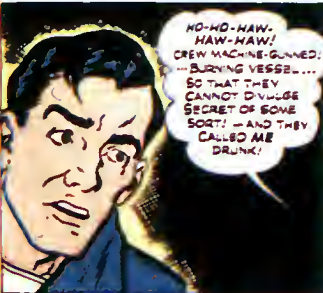


A FEW MINUTES
LATER ...

THERE ARE
SOME MEN IN
THAT LIFE-BOAT!
-PULL
ALONGSIDE!

PREPARE
TO LOWER
AWAY!





THEN LIEUTENANT BARRON TELLS HIS FANTASTIC STORY...

"...AND SO I WENT - BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME - HAD ME COURT-MARTIALED! - THE ONLY MAN IN THE U.S. NAVY WHO KNOWS WHERE THAT SUB BASE IS!"



BUT BARRON VON VOLF - A PRINCE STEEDLER? - THESE MEN AND THEIR SHIPS WERE SUNK AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR!

SURE! AND SO SHOW YOU WHERE THEY ARE NOW! - BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH AN OLD CLIPPER SHIP?



"TELL HIM TIGER!"

LIEUTENANT BARRON THIS CLIPPER CARRIES FOUR 8-INCH GUNS! - AND WERE EQUIPPED FOR HEAVY BATTLE!

WELL, I'LL BE...!



SO THAT'S WHY THEY COULDN'T BE TRACED! THAT WATER IS FULL OF REEFS!

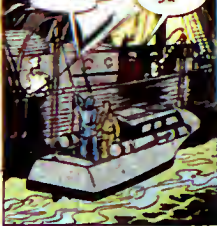
EXACTLY. I'VE FLOWN RECONNAISSANCE OVER THESE REEFS MANY TIMES! ONLY A SMALL BOAT CAN GET IN!



THAT NIGHT - AS THE MOON IS BLACKED OUT BY CLOUDS...

REMEMBER, CAP! NO FIRING TILL I GIVE YOU THE RANGE!

RIGHT YOU ARE, SIR!



SLIGHTLY THE POWERFUL LAUNCH SKIRTS THE REEFS AND SNEEPS INWARD...

YOU SEE BARRON! THIS IS A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED LAUNCH ON WHICH WE HAVE MOUNTED TORPEDO TUBES!



WHAT A CONVENTION! THERES THE BRUNNENDE - AND THERES THE SCHORSTEN!

SURE! - AND THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!



VOT SSI - A STRANGE
S-PI GIEF DER
ALARM! QUICK



EEE-EE

EEEEEE-EE-EEEEEE
SWITCH ON,
LEUTENANT.
HEY - BARROW -
WHERE IS
THE DIRTY
GOIN'!



SORRY PA...
BUT I'VE GOT A
SPECIAL JOB
TO TAKE
CARE OF!



THE DIRTY TRAITOR
-RAN OUT ON ME!
BUT I'LL SHOW
HIM!



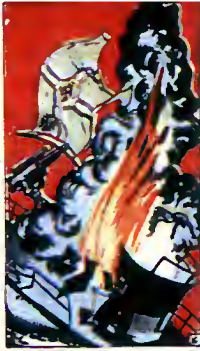
GET HIM! - YOU
DUMBKOPPS - IF HE
GETS AWAY DER FLEHRER
WILL MAFF OUR SKINS
TORN OFF!



HERE'S
LOOKING
AT YOU!



NOW FOR
NAZI FISH
NUMBER
TWO!



The
HIGHLY
MANEUVERABLE
LITTLE
LAUNCH
DODGES
AROUND THE
JAGGED
ROCKS
LIKE A
DEADLY
SERPENT!



MOVE OUT AND AROUND
THE REEFS! — WE'LL
BLOCK THE
FOOL!



TRAPPED! — BUT I'VE
GIVEN THEM SOMETHING
THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!



HURRY FRITZ!
BLOW THAT AMERICAN
FOOL OUT OF THE
WATER FOR GOOD!

WHAT A
BREAK!
WE'LL
— HERE GOES!



OUT OF
MY WAY,
SUCKER!

STOP
HIM!



LOOK, BARON!
OUR BOMBER!
NOW WE
SHALL
SEE!

YES! B-BUT
WHY IS HE
FLYING
TOWARD
US?



OKAY, HITLER!
HERE'S SOME
DELAYED
MAIL!



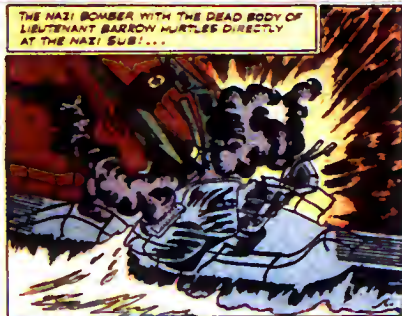
HOLY SEA BREEZES!
IT'S LIEUTENANT
BARROW IN A NAZI
BOMBER! GOOD BOY!



I'M HIT! - TOO BAD!
... I WANTED TO PROVE
IT TO THE NAVY...
OHMM!...



THE NAZI BOMBER WITH THE DEAD BODY OF
LIEUTENANT BARROW HURTLING DIRECTLY
AT THE NAZI SUB!...



AT THE NAVAL BASE, NORFOLK, VA....

... AND THAT, SIR, IS
THE STORY OF
LIEUTENANT ROBERT
BARROW'S DEATH!

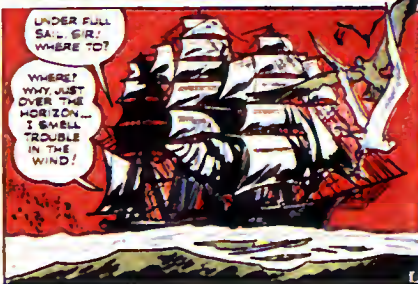


LIEUTENANT BARROW IS
DEAD, BUT, AMONG THE MEN
OF THE NAVY - HIS NAME
WILL LIVE FOREVER!



UNDER FULL
SAIL, SIR!
WHERE TO?

WHERE?
WHY, JUST
OVER THE
HORIZON...
I SMELL
TROUBLE
IN THE
WIND!



WHILE PATROLLING ALONG THE UNITED STATES PACIFIC COAST LINE, A PAIR OF AIRCRAFTS DRONE HIGH OVER THE OCEAN OFF SEATTLE, WASHINGTON...

PACIFIC PATROL

ALC. WILLIAMS

SUDDENLY, A SUBMARINE IS SPOTTED, MOVING ALONG ON THE SURFACE...

JAP SUB-FORM IN LINE FOR STRAING ATTACK - LETS GO!

THE P-30'S SLANT DOWN LIKE AVENGING FURIES, GUNS HAMMERING!!

GEE AMERICAN PLANES! THEY ISS SURPRISE US...

THE FIRST ATTACK LEAVES THE SUB PUNCTURED WITH HOLES UNABLE TO SUBMERGE!

ATTACK AGAIN - ILL NOTIFY THE BASE!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE PLANES FLASH ACROSS THE SUB RAKING IT WITH BULLETS...

AMMUNITION EXHAUSTED FALS...? WELL --- WE'LL KEEPAN EYE ON THAT CAN UNTIL A PATROL BOAT ARRIVES!

END A HALF HOUR LATER THE RIDDLED SUB IS CAPTURED!

PRIVATE

by BART
TUMEX

DOGTAG

THE WORLD'S DUMBEST SOLDIER!!



IS ANY
WONDER OUR
HERO MAKES A
DONKEY OF HIMSELF
WHEN HE MEETS...

...AXIS AGENT FELIX
HAMBURGER
IMPERSONATING
GENERAL
U.S. GRANITE

NAPOLEON
GRANITE
THE
GENERAL'S
"BALMY"
TWIN...

...AND FINALLY
GENERAL
U.S.
GRANITE
HIMSELF!!

FELIX HAMBURGER,
TALENTED ACTOR
AND MEMBER OF
THE BLIND BEARS
A CLOSE
RESEMBLANCE TO
GENERAL U.S.
GRANITE!
HAMBURGER,
MASTER OF MAKE-
UP AND VOICE
IMITATION HAS
MADE HIMSELF
INTO AN EXACT
DOUBLE
OF THE
FAMOUS GENERAL!

BY NIGHT BLINDST STRONG
ARM MEN INVAD THE
GENERAL'S HOME AND
ABOUT HIM...



...AND FELIX
HAMBURGER
STEPS IN TO PLAY
THE ROLE OF THE
BACHELOR GENERAL!

HIMMEL! DER MAKE-
UP IS PERFECT! NO
VUN VILL SUSPECT
YOU!

I HAVE ALREADY
DISMISSED THE GENERAL'S
PERSONAL AIDE! HE LIVED
WITH THE GENERAL, AND
WAS HIS CLOSE FRIEND
AND CONFOANT! ONLY
HE MIGHT HAVE
SUSPECTED ME!

BUT NOW
DER COAST IS
CLEAR FOR
OUR PLANS!



HE'ER HAMBURGER AS
GENERAL GRANITE YOU
ARE NOW IN POSITION
TO OBTAIN FOR DER
AIDE DER CHOICEST
OFF SECRET MILITARY
INFORMATION!

YA! BUT
DON'T FORSET
DER MAHIN
ASSIGNMENT!

GENERAL GRANITE
WAS A FREQUENT
LUNCHEON GUEST
AT DER WHITE
HOUSE!

YOU HAPPE ONLY TO ANAT DER
NEXT INVITE...AND DEN SLID
OUR NEW DEADLY
UNDETECTABLE POISON 'INTER
DER PRESIDENTS FOOD!



DER POISON WEE
CONCEALED IN
A SECRET
COMPARTMENT
OF DIS
RING?

FEAR NOT,
COMRADES! I
SHALL NOT FAIL
OUR GLORIOUS
CAUSE!

THERE REMAINS ONLY
ONE SMALL DETAIL...I
MUST FIND A VERY
DUMB SOLDIER TO
REPLACE THE SMART
AIDE I DISMISSED!

FOR SOME REASON
GENERAL GRANITE
HAS ALWAYS HAD
AN AIDE LIVING
WITH HIM HERE
IN HIS HOME!

HE WEE A
BACHELOR...
NO DOUBT
HE WAS
LONESOME!



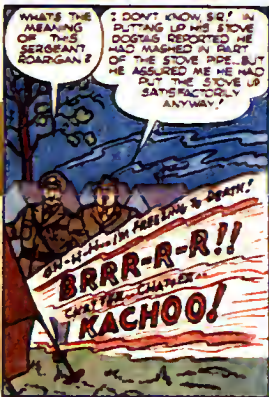
COME! WE GO
NOW BACK TO
DER HIDEOUT
WHERE WE ARE
HOLDING DER
GENERAL PRISONER!

GOODBYE
LUCK
UND
WEIL
HITLER!

WEIL
HITLER!

AH! I SEE I AM TO REVIEW TROOPS ALL
DAY TOMORROW! THE DUMBEST SOLDIER...
THE ONE WHO MAKES THE MOST MISTAKES
...SHALL BECOME MY PERSONAL AIDE!





BESET AM
IN THE
GRANITE HOME...



ELEVEN
O'CLOCK! MY
FIRST MORNING
AS A GENERAL'S
AGE AND I'VE
OVERSLEPT!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE EXCEPT A FEW HIGH
RANKING MILITARY OFFICIALS, GENERAL U.S.
GRANITE HAS A FEEBLE-MINDED TWIN WHO
IS KEPT IN A HIDDEN ROOM...



MY HORSE! GET
MY HORSE OUT
OF THAT CLOSET!
AT ONCE!

IT'S GULP!
IT'S IN THE
CLOSET? I'LL
DO MY BEST TO
GET IT OUT, SIR!



NOBODY AT HOME...
GUESS I'LL READ
A BOOK UNTIL...

...WHAT
THE...

SNAP!



OH-HA-HA!
I SEE
WHAT YOU
MEAN,
SIR!

GOSH...
FOR A
WHILE I
THOUGHT
HE WAS
NUTS!

ON SECOND THOUGHT I
WILL FOREGO MY USUAL
MORNING CANTER! I GET
ENTIRELY TOO SADDLE-
BURNED IN
JUST THIS!

PUT IT
BACK
WHOEVER
YOU
ARE!



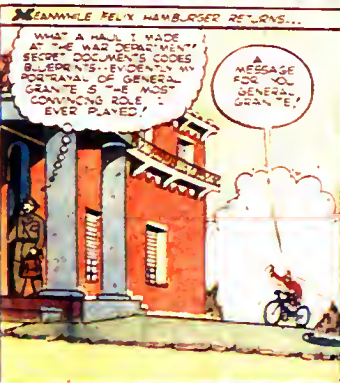
WHY... I'M
PRIVATE DOGTAG
SIR! I HAVE
YOU FORGOTTEN
SIR?

YES I HAVE FORGOTTEN!
THERE'S SOMETHING I
SHOULD DO EACH MOR-
NING AND WHEN I DON'T
IT BOTHERS ME!

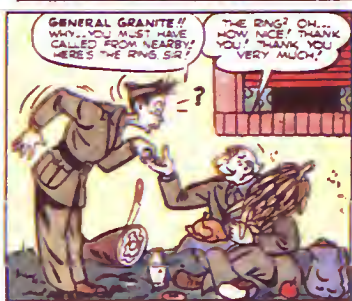
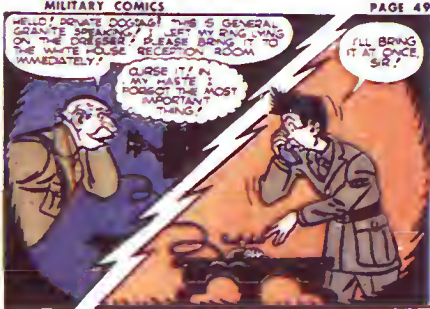


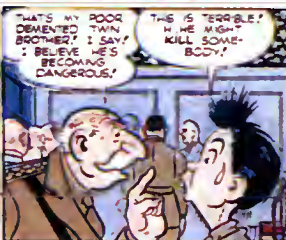
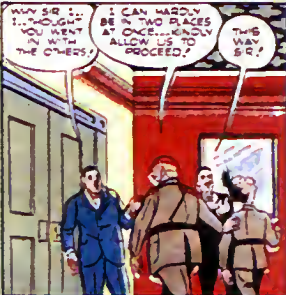
LET'S SEE IF
COULD
BE
PUTTING ON
YOUR CLOTHES
SIR?

THAT'S IT! MY CLOTHES!!
I WANT MY CLOTHES!!
FOOL! THE CLOTHES IS
WAITING FOR ME! HURRY!!

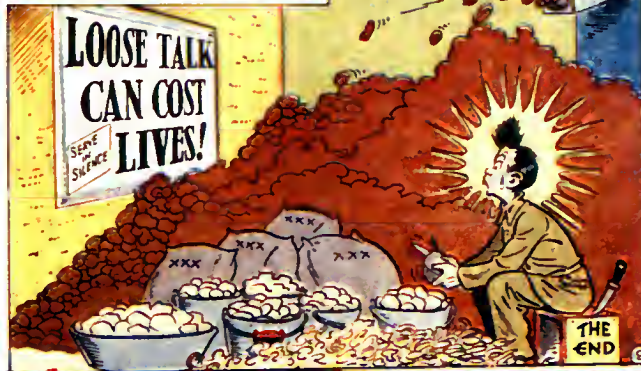
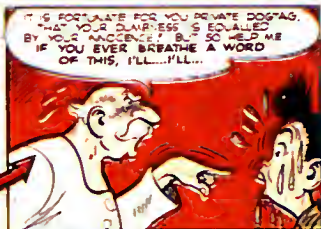








COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED DOG TAGS AND MARLBOROS
ARE LEAVING WITH WHITE HOUSE GUARDS WHEN...



DOWN TO EARTH

TIM McGuire was a swell guy, if ever there was one . . . And all the boys from the ground crew op, who knew him at all well, would have gone to bat for him any day—at the drop of a Forke-Wulfe. Big and brawny, with the twinkling blue eyes and wide, bonest grin to match his name, he was a flier through and through, from the very day he had arrived at the field . . . fists clenched, and eyes gazing hungrily at the cloudless blue sky.

There was one quality of McGuire's that did induce some smiles and raised eyebrows, behind his back . . . And that was Tim's genius for the embellishment of a story. Mind you, he wasn't a liar! That's a fightin' word. Nor could the boys rightly call him a fabricator—which was just a dolled up name for liar. Let's say that it was Tim's unrestrainable Irish imagination that occasionally led him astray . . . his unbounded enthusiasm for the sound of his own voice and the vivid color of words.

Whether he was telling a

story of his fight with the three boiler-makers in Tony's bar or how he stole the heart of the pretty waitress back in Tucson . . . Tim just couldn't help embroidering his tale to just beyond the point of credulity. The funny part of it was he *did* lick three boilermakers—and the waitress still remembers him. But the way he told his stories you'd have to smile inwardly and say to yourself—"Great boy, Tim, but you're not kidding me!"

We come now to the story Tim never told and never will . . . it was too impossible. The eventful day of his first 'chute drop had come . . . and, one by one the boys had bailed out ahead. Watching nine billowing sheets of silk descend to a geography book map just a wee bit too far below . . . he knew he was next . . . and last.

Tim suddenly felt terribly alone, and not a bit pleased about the way the pit of his stomach was tap-dancing. The jump wasn't hard . . . you hardly knew you were falling . . . until you looked . . . and then there wasn't any question

of it. You were going, alright . . . but certainly not up!

The first shock that McGuire got when he had descended to what should have been the end of that new-fangled 'chute cord, attached to the cabin of the plane, was that there was no cord. For a split second he idly wondered why . . . then he recalled he was still travelling . . . but fast!

The map below was becoming less of a post card and more like solid earth . . . hard, and too close for comfort. "There's an emergency cord, of course," said McGuire . . . and laughed at himself as he pulled it. It broke. He looked at the end of the cord in his hand for a numb fraction of a second and then said, "McGuire, this is a heck of a thing. And a heck of a way to die. Supposin' now I should land in some respectable citizen's back yard? What a noise I'd be makin' and what a filthy mess." For a moment, the mental picture of the mess was almost more than he could stand. He tried to focus on the fast approaching landscape,

but in the dizzy spin of his fall, he couldn't guess where he'd splash, so he gave it up and went back to his conversation . . . he had to talk to somebody!

"Look, McGuire," he said. "A drowning man or a man falling, such as you . . . going to a certain death, is supposed to have mile-a-minute thoughts running through his mind. Mind did I say? Don't flatter yourself, McGuire. But sure you're not 'playing the rules. . . .

"Especially you, McGuire, who's always prided yourself on your gift of gab. Well, where IS this motion picture of your life?—Your childhood and your dear sweet Mother, and then all the lousy tricks you've ever done and should now be regretting? Where's the memory of sweet Kitty and her kisses, and the fresh green smell of Killarney? Well, lad, this is one way you never thought you'd get back to the old sod" . . . and he looked down.

The other 'chutes had all grounded in a wide field and already had assumed the size of ladies hankies fluttering about on a billiard table.

"I've got it, McGuire," he said. "It's that very tongue of

yours . . . you've talked yourself into and talked yourself out of everything in your life and you never did learn how to think! Amazing . . . but it's clear enough to me now. Well . . . prayin' is talkin', isn't it? And since that's your prize line you better start right now . . . because you'll have to talk yourself into the next world and—sure, you want it to be the better one!" Taking another look down he saw he was heading right smack for the wide roof of a bright red barn.

Then an awfully strange thing happened . . . and McGuire was sure he was losing his spinning head. For from the top of the red barn he could swear someone was calling his name. "What in blazes is wrong with you, McGuire?" . . . and a lot of other things that, from a red barn, sounded strangely like language of the worst kind.

There was a snap then, somewhere, and McGuire's eyes cleared to find that the red barn was the face of Flight Lieutenant Murphy at its highest pressure of blood, peering around his shoulder, and glaring at him with an expression anything but kindly. The map was still down there as it was

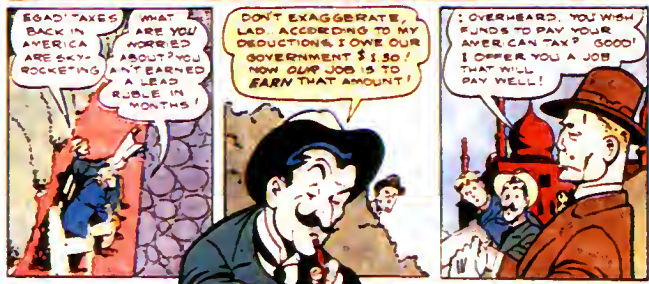
before; and Murphy was shouting right into his nose. "McGuire, are you a soldier or aren't you . . . These jumps are timed to the second . . . TIMED . . . d'ya understand? Will you jump, man . . . or may I have the great pleasure of pushing you?"

McGuire smiled then into the face of his irate superior . . . smiled as he never thought he'd smile again. . . .

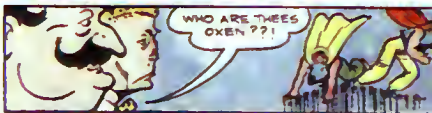
"I'm jumpin', sir," he said.

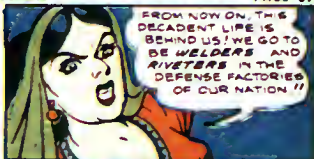
. . . .

Sailing down under the billowing white tent that gleamed above him in the sun, McGuire thought things over . . . laughing to himself the while. "I was afraid," he said. "So help me . . . but for all of that, it's a story I can't tell the boys . . . They'd never understand the secret goings-on of another man's soul . . . " And then he ceased laughing, and his face was suddenly thoughtful. "But then, who am I to have a nodding acquaintance with their souls any more than they have with mine. Maybe they, too, have each discovered a man cannot learn to live until his cowardice is smashed down to earth!" And then he waived gaily . . . for he was safely close to them now . . . closer than ever.



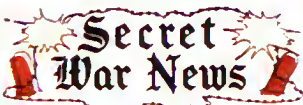








True
Stories
Of Daring
War Adventures



Reported Exclusively
for this Magazine
by our Ace
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

CONVOY ATTACK

The German short wave propaganda broadcasts to the United Nations have recently made extravagant claims concerning the disposition of a recent American Convoy.

The Germans claim to have repeatedly attacked the Convoy, sunk or crippled all of the ships and destroyers and to have effected a smashing victory for the Axis.

In answer to these fantastic claims, the United States Navy Department released the inside story. So if you want a real tip as to what actually took place, read on—



ON A RECENT SHORT WAVE BROADCAST FROM BERLIN...

UNITS OF OUR GALLANT NAVAL AND AIR FORCES HAVE JUST ANNOUNCED A STUNNING VICTORY IN A COMBINED ATTACK ON AN ALLIED CONVOY BOUND FOR RUSSIA...



DURING A RUNNING BATTLE WHICH LASTED THREE DAYS OUR FORCES DEFINITELY SANK THIRTY-FIVE OUT OF FIFTY CARGO SHIPS... ALSO SIX OF THE ESCORTING WAR-SHIPS, TWO OF OUR PLANES WERE LOST WHEN THEY COLLIDED IN MIDAIR!



THAT'S THE GERMAN VERSION-- NOW DO YOU WANT TO HEAR THE TRUTH! MY NAME IS TOMMY CARROL-- I'M FIRST MATE ON THE BLACK CASTLE ONE OF THE SHIPS IN THAT CONVOY...



I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MANY SHIPS WERE IN THE CONVOY BUT THE BLACK CASTLE HAD A POSITION NEAR THE FRONT AND SHE WAS LOADED DOWN TO HER PLIMSOLL MARK...



THE SKIPPER, CAPTAIN EZRA WALTERS IS A TOUGH, OLD NEW ENGLANDER... A SALTY OLD BIRD...

WE'RE COMING INTO U-BOAT WATERS, MR CARROL... DOUBLE THE WATCH!

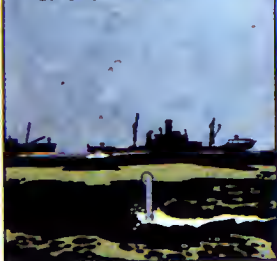


WE WERE NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND STILL NO SIGN OF ANY NAZIS...

THIS QUIET CAN'T LAST, CAPT. SOME THINGS GONNA BUST WIDE OPEN... BUT SOON! HAVEN'T HAD AN ALARM SINCE LEAVING AMERICA!



... AND THE NEXT MORNING IT BUSTED-- OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY...



ON A FREIGHTER ON THE CONVOY'S SOUTHERN FLANK SUDDENLY WENT SKY HIGH... TORNADOED!



YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO THOSE NAVY GUYS-- A DESTROYER AND A CANADIAN SUB-CHASER WERE AFTER THAT U-BOAT LIKE TWO BLOODHOUNDS!



CAN'T TELL IF THEY GOT THAT SUB OR NOT... BUT THEY'RE COMING BACK!



SUDDENLY OUR LOGSKOY SANG OUT FROM THE FORE-PEAK...

TORPEDO!-- OFF THE FORE-QUARTER



AN OLD U-BOAT TRICK-- ATTACKING FROM BOTH SIDES AT ONCE...

SPIN THE HELM-- HARD TO STARBOARD!



THAT FISH MISSED OUR BOW BY INCHES...



HE SAW MORE TORPEDOES STREAK THROUGH THE CONVOY-- BUT NOT ANOTHER SHIP WAS HIT...

WITH ALL THOSE DESTROYERS AFTER THEM, THE U-BOATS AREN'T TAKING TIME TO AM--



ONE OF THE U-BOAT PACK WAS DISABLED AND FORCED TO THE SURFACE...



AND EVEN THEN, THE NAZIS TRIED TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT-- BUT A DESTROYER FINISHED 'EM!



THE CONVOY PROCEEDED ON UP THE NORWEGIAN COAST, AND A FEW HOURS LATER WE'RE ATTACKED BY THE BIG ADONE HULL KURIBES...



HERE WE GO AGAIN BOYS--- THEY'RE COMIN' OUR WAY!!



OUR GUYS AND ALL THE GUNS IN THE CONVOY PUT UP A BARRAGE OF SHELLS...



THE FIRST FOCKE-WULF UNLOADED ON US... AND THE BLACK CASTLE'S FUTURE WAS UNCERTAIN FOR A FEW MOMENTS ---



WE'VE BEEN HIT ART, CAPTAIN!

GET THOSE NOSES OUT--- WE'RE AFIRE!



IT WAS TOUGH AND GO FOR ANHLE -- THAT FIRE WAS OL FED AND PLENTY HOT!



THE SECOND BOMBER SAW US BURNING AND CAME DOWN TO FINISH US OFF...



EVERY GUN IN THE CONVOY CONCENTRATED ON THAT BABY.



THE WENT RIGHT OVER THE SHIP BURNING
LIKE A TORCH AND OUT OF CONTROL...



WE WERE GETTING THE
FIRE UNDER CONTROL
WHEN WE SAW MORE
TROUBLE...



TORPEDO PLANE'S--
ATTACKING THE REAR
OF THE CONVOY...



I'D SEEN THOSE NAZI PLANE'S BEFORE.
HEINKEL-H-K'S, CARRYING TWO TORPEDOES
EACH...



BUT THEY RAN INTO A
TERRIFIC HAIL OF STEEL



WOW-- WHAT A
BEATING THEY'RE
TAKIN'! THERE
GO A COUPLE
MORE!



WE GOT TEN OF THEM BEFORE THEY PULLED
OUT FOR HOME, BUT THEY MANAGED TO HIT
A TANKER



ONE TANKER LOST
AT THAT WE'RE
PRETTY LUCKY!



FLIGHT SAVED US FROM ANY FURTHER ATTACKS...



BUT DAWN FOUND THE NAZIS BACK FOR ANOTHER TRY...



LOOK'S LIKE JU-88 DIVE BOMBERS ESCORTED BY FOCKE WULF 100'S CAPTAIN WALTERS!



THE GAVE IT TO US THRU MOST OF THE MORNING UNTIL WE WERE DIZZY FROM THE HOWL OF DIVING ENGINES AND THE FIRING OF GUNS...



THE BLACK CASTLE'S GUNNERS GOT ONE - A FOCKE-WULF THAT TRIED TO STRAFE OUR BRIDGE...



WE MUST HAVE DRIVEN THOSE GERMANS CRAZY THE WAY WE WERE KNOCKING 'EM DOWN!



HANS... I CAN'T STAND THIS ANY LONGER... IT IS SURE DEATH TO GO DOWN THERE...



YAN. WE HAFN HIT MANY OF THEM... BUT NONE HAVE BEEN STOPPED OR SUNK! WE'LL RETURN HOME!

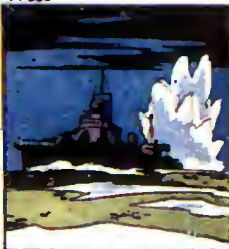
THE REST OF THE DAY WAS QUIET.
BUT AT DUSK, A DESTROYER
ROAMED PAST US UNDER FORCED
DRAFT-- HER ALARM BELL WHOOING



OH, GOSH ---
ANOTHER
SUB ATTACK?



THE DESTROYER DROPPED DEPTH
BOMBS OFF TO PORT THEN BROKE
OUT A SIGNAL FLAG--THEY'D SUNK
A SUB ---



FIVE TORPEDO PLANES CAME
IN LOW ABOUT NOON OF THE
FOLLOWING DAY....



THE CONVOY GUNS ARE
IN A BAD WAY, CAREFUL--
HALF OF THEM WERE
BURNED OUT BY THE
CONSTANT FIRING
YESTERDAY!



DESPITE OUR WORN GUNS, HOWEVER,
WE HALLOED THREE NAZIS BEFORE
THEY EVEN GOT CLOSE---



BUT ONE OF THE REMAINING PLANES
TORPEDOED ONE OF THE CORVETTES.
THEY BEAT IT FOR HOME--PROBABLY
CLAIMING WE SANK A CRUISER!!!



WE SURE WERE RELIEVED WHEN THE
CONVOY REACHED NURMANCE--SO THERE'S
THE TRUE STORY--- WE LOST A CORVETTE,
A FREIGHTER AND A TANKER -- HITLER.
LOST TWO U-BOATS POSSIBLY THREE AND
AT LEAST TWENTY-FIVE PLANES -- I WAS
THERE -- I KNOW...



New DAISY Play Guns READY

BANG BANG
BANG

-FAST AS YOU
CAN WORK IT!

★ HARMLESS!

★ Pump Gun Sling

★ Pump Action

★ Magazine

★ Safety

★ Daisy Quality

★ Durability

\$1.19
Plus 10¢
Postage

Price Subject to Change

DAISY COMMANDO Repeating PLAY GUN

Get and shoot this new safe gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that bulky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6¢ for postage—handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money?)

This beautiful and white and blue Daisy Victory Model Crow appears on each play gun stock



TURN THE CRANK

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

DAISY CHATTERMATIC

89¢

Plus 10¢ Postage
Price Subject to Change

TURN the firing crank—hear the sub-machine gun go! "Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Shoots and a real Talking Gun—the loud soldiers carry Daisy CHATTERMATIC a sub-machine gun with "always ready" sound, ready at all! Not an air rifle. Built of wood construction. Jet black barrel, and magazine natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts chattering. Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now! If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6¢ for postage—handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

TO BOYS
OF AIR RIFLE AGE:

Your Daisy Dealer may have your Daisy Air Rifle in stock. Tell DAD you want use the Commando and get for buy it right now from the Dealer—because we want Daisy Air Rifle for regular use! (Using the air rifle in TOG home making war products for Victory)

Attention
PARENTS! . . .

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commando-style that make PARENTS MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on our own set made for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of action and make no difference from a real gun. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us.



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MASTERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 481 UNION ST., DEPT. 3, PLYMOUTH, INDIANA

THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

HONORS TO ALL

WHO HELP US WIN!



JOHN F. Tootsie likes deer. Big Sam who cleared the whole grounds in the Navy now "So Johnny" and his pals are on. They sweeten the labor with some Tootsie ROLLS America's favorite candy.



LOOK AT MISS Tootsie painting furniture for the U. S. O. Tootsie's Helper! She sings a mean brass and gets herself up with chocolatey Tootsie ROLLS. Tootsie's are small for me and big for me and brown top!



DR. DONALD S. has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers. He says Tootsie's for Donald. He says Tootsie's for Tootsie ROLL'S America's favorite candy. Donald says or later one Tootsie Roll a day.



JOHN F. Tootsie gives mother a hint for her work. So being the mother for her brother and herself Tootsie's go into the wash basin every day. They're a energy food.



America's favorite chewy chocolate candy



EVER TASTE A Tootsie POP?

Look at this picture of a Tootsie Pop out open. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Tootsie Roll! The coating is on ... All the way!

"BE STRONG-TO WIN!" SAYS UNCLE SAM

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's nourishing, pure, and gives you energy. So eat plenty of chewy, chocolatey Tootsie Rolls...

RICH IN DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

Tootsie Rolls

1¢ AND 5¢

TAKE A TIP! TAKE A Tootsie! IT'S TOPS!

